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displayed in these cartoons, their confident and precise drawing, and the resources of knowledge they display. Mr. Tenniel possesses a power of composition such as has appeared in the work of but few caricaturists.

Of the sketches from nature we have specially to notice the very beautiful drawing called 'Sunrise on the Grand Canal, Venice' (173), by F. J. Skill. The tints are so delicately chosen, are so skilfully combined, that we must look upon this little sketch as equal in effect to anything in the exhibition. It is conceived and executed in the true spirit of water-colour Art, and it aims at an effect of transparency in light and atmosphere which water-colour may interpret with more perfection than oil. Mr. Skill sends some other sketches, but none, as we think, equal to this. Following the course of the catalogue, we meet with 'Washing Day' (18), Edward Fahey—a pleasant design, showing true and sincere study. But the artist is nearly always unfortunate in the management of colour. It is so dry and hard in this picture that we can scarcely realise it was put on with a brush, but are apt to believe the result is only a skilful effort of colour-printing. This defect in the use of colour is unhappily too common in the present exhibition.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

It is by no means a pleasant task to have to speak of a collection of upwards of nine hundred pictures, out of which only a few reach even to average merit. Such an exhibition can serve no useful purpose in Art, and to point out all its deficiencies could serve no useful purpose in criticism. We must, however, express regret that the Society of British Artists should encourage the display of so many worthless productions. We are not unmindful that the present is a time of great activity in Art matters, and the fact that these trivial efforts can find a sale is no doubt evidence of public favour shown to Art; but it is also some slight indication of public ignorance in selection; and, as a great number of those who buy pictures must necessarily be at the mercy of some other persons' tastes, it is the duty of a body like the Society of British Artists to see that what is offered for sale under their name has at least some degree of merit. The present state of these exhibitions is really without excuse. The picture-loving public does not insist upon a show of nine hundred works, and to the painters themselves the exhibition can be but a small advantage. To exhibit before the talent is ripe for expression is often a positive drawback to an artistic career, and it is a drawback from which many of the exhibitors in Suffolk Street are now suffering. The best of the works here collected are to be found in the large room. Here we notice the landscape, 'Birnam Hill, Perthshire' (30), T.

J. Ellis—a picture that recalls the style of Mr. Millais in his treatment of scenery, a style that Mr. Ellis has evidently endeavoured to imitate. Near to this picture hangs another, by Miss E. Wilkinson, a graceful composition, called 'Rest,' with two figures reclining or standing under a tree, with a background of thickly-grown wood.

FLEMISH GALLERY.

A COLLECTION of pictures rich in specimens of the Art of the modern Continental schools has been opened under this title in King Street, Covent Garden. Why the gallery should be called Flemish, when it represents with as much, and even greater, fulness the Art of France, we cannot tell. The name, however, is of small importance, and is likely to mislead no one; while, on the other hand, we may point out that the owners of the gallery have brought together a very important series of examples from the most popular masters of the day. As a central feature of the collection, in point of size at least, is the large picture, by Bertrand, of 'Romeo and Juliet' (28), exhibited in the Paris *Salon* last season. M. Bertrand is certainly not a strong interpreter of his subject. The grace that is in his design is closely allied to weakness, and the composition shows a painter who has no very firm grasp of the imaginative side of his subject, but who depends largely upon theatrical attitude and costume. An interesting picture among the landscapes of the exhibition is that (44) by Jacque and Michel. It is well known that after Michel's death the unfinished canvases of the painter were purchased by Jacque and completed in his own way. Thus we have here a landscape enriched by a shepherdess and sheep, put in by the later painter. 'A View on the Grand Canal, Venice' (69), L. Monchot, displays much brilliant colour; and the same quality finds even a higher expression in the large 'Market-Scene in Constantinople' (73), A. Passini. 'The Daughter of Sion' (86), J. F. Portaels, is set in an unfortunate light, so that its merits are not easily discerned. We pass on to a small but graceful composition, 'The Italian Spinning-Girl' (113), by P. Jovis, noteworthy for its grave and delicate colour. Clever *genre* pictures, in which modern fashion and costume are brilliantly displayed, form a large part of the exhibition; and we may mention 'The Music-Lesson' (118), Leon y Escosura; 'Expectation' (121), A. Toulmouche; and 'Going to the Ball at Venice' (105), F. Jacovacci. We must also mention works by Alfred Stevens, by Leys (193), and Rousseau (217), not forgetting at the same time the admirable winter-scene, representing an artist painting in the snow (299), F. Denneulin. Altogether the gallery must be considered exceptionally interesting in its illustration of the masters of the Continental schools.

AMONG THE STUDIOS OF PARIS.

AT the present season of the year (December) many of the artists have quitted their ateliers and have gone to study anew in the galleries and beneath the sunny skies of Italy. Exhibitions are few and far between, and most of the painters who are still at home are engaged in their first beginnings for the *Salon* of next spring, and are consequently invisible to mortal eyes.

An exhibition of the works of M. Carolus Duron has just been opened at the Cercle Artistique in the Place Vendôme. It consists mostly of portraits, that dashing and audacious artist having won no small celebrity for himself in that too often scorned yet difficult line. As a painter of children, and of ladies especially, he is strikingly successful. In the present exhibition are two portraits of his little daughters, Marie Anne and Saline, while infants, and though little more than sketches, they are admirable as representations, not of etherealized infancy, but of actual flesh and blood—loveable, kissable babyhood. There is an

exquisite head, also, of a girl some seven or eight years of age, with great melancholy dark-blue eyes, and a singularly spiritual expression of countenance. 'Whom the gods love die young,' it is said, and this fair little creature seems as though she bore upon her brow the first shadowings of that fatal tenderness. No. 12 is an exemplification of the art with which the painter has so modified modern costume as to give it a picturesque and artistic effect. It is a portrait of a lady who wears a walking-dress of violet velvet bordered with fur, and with hanging sleeves lined with violet satin; a small velvet hat is placed upon the crêpe masses of her tresses, and she is in the act of drawing on one of her gloves. A string of pearls around her neck is the only departure from the strict rules of modern walking-dress. And yet the picture, with its rich heavy draperies, gives the spectator the impression as of one of the old Venetian portraits, with the faint shine of gold on the lady's hair, and her fair, calm, haughty face looking out from the deep, soft shadows. Another portrait,

that of the Marquise de T—, is remarkable for the rich gold-coloured background, against which the exquisitely-painted dark-blue velvet and azure satin of the sitter's costume stand out in vivid relief. Another charming child-portrait is that of Mdlle. de S—, a lovely, wilful-looking little creature in black velvet, perched sideways on a chair, the floor around which is strewn with broken toys; she turns her pretty pouting face, crowned with its blond Holbein-clipped tresses, towards the spectator. The most striking portrait present is probably that of the artist's little daughter Marie Anne, aged four years, which was one of the successes of the *Salon* last spring. The beautiful child, who strikingly resembles her lovely aunt, Mdlle. Croizette, of the 'Comédie Française,' in a simple costume of black velvet, stands holding a little dog by a long ribbon, in a peculiarly natural and childlike pose, her great dark eyes shining like stars under the heavy masses of her dark hair. Historical composition in this exhibition is only represented by two or three sketches, one of which, entitled 'Temptation,' and representing a female form bowed before a crucifix, while a confused mass of visioned forms of evil fades away in the distance, shows rare originality of conception which merits further development. A curiosity in art is the large picture of 'Hebe,' poised upon an eagle, which was painted for M. Lenepreu's opera of 'The Florentine,' represented last season at the 'Opéra Comique,' and the *dénouement* of which turns upon the unveiling of a picture. It is, however, little more than a sketch upon a large scale, having been painted with a view to scenic effect. The attitude of Hebe, poised upon the back of the soaring bird of Jove, and with one arm rounded above in the act of pouring nectar into the cup which she holds in her other hand, is peculiarly graceful.

I suppose but few French artists are more widely known in America than is M. A. Cabanel, the painter of 'The Birth of Venus,' a picture which exists in duplicate in New York, and Philadelphia as well, where it forms the leading feature of the fine collection of Mr. Henry Gibson. M. Cabanel inhabits at present a princely residence situated on the Rue de Vigny, facing the Parc Monceau, and next door to the hotel of the great chocolate millionaire, M. Menier. His vast atelier, situated on the third story of his charming abode, at present contains one or two finished pictures, as well as a striking work which is intended for the *Salon* of next year, and which is but half completed. The subject is Absalom vowing vengeance for the outrage committed upon his sister Tamar (2 Samuel, xiii. 19, 20). The Jewish prince is seated upon his low broad couch; his sister, in the extreme of her despair, has fallen across his knees with bowed face and clasped hands, the last most eloquent of utter misery and abasement. In fine contrast with the passive anguish of the victim is the vehement wrath of her brother, who stretches out his clenched hand as though swearing to be revenged, his dusky face, gleaming teeth, and dark, flashing eyes, all eloquent of fury. The bronzed form of Absalom is clad in a loose-sleeved, gold-bordered, Oriental white tunic, confined round the waist by a jewelled band; his head is encircled with an Oriental drapery of green and gold, and a scarlet mantle trails from his shoulders. The beautiful and prostrate form of Tamar is nude to the waist; she is delicately fair in contrast to the Eastern complexion of the prince; her drapery is of violet, shaded with gold. Nothing can be imagined more touchingly impressive than the crushed, hopeless misery expressed in every line of her face and form. In the background a female slave is hiding her face in sorrow. The architecture is Egyptian in style and colouring; the drapery which is stretched behind the two principal figures is of a dusky blue. At first sight, this group, the bronzed and infuriated Israelite and the fair, passive victim, suggest the idea of Othello and the dead Desdemona, at least so it seemed to me. This promises to be one of Cabanel's finest works, and will probably surpass his 'Francesca and Paolo,' now in the Luxembourg.

In striking contrast to this painful subject was another unfinished work which I was so fortunate as to see, and which is a new embodiment of the goddess which Cabanel paints so well, namely, Venus. He has chosen a point in her history which has never before, I believe, been transferred to canvas. She has just returned triumphant from the contest on Mount Ida, and is about to ascend the stairs which lead to Olympus, so turns to

dismiss her doves, with a parting caress for the good service they have done her in drawing her chariot. She stands in an easy and graceful attitude, just in the act of mounting the stairs, and half turned away from the spectator. Her doves flutter around her right hand, which is extended towards them; in the other hand she holds aloft the golden apple, and from it falls a length of drapery of a warm rose-colour, which trails down the steps, forming a background for her nude and lovely form, the rose-flushed flesh-tints showing to exquisite advantage against the deeper pink of its hues. The background is veiled in light floating clouds, the prevailing hue of which, and of the broad stone steps as well, is a cool, pale gray, forming a most effective combination with the rose-tints of the figure and of the drapery.

A finished work, 'The Angel of Sorrows,' is destined for New York. It is a single, half-length figure of an angel, with outspread pinions, touched with faintest tints of violet and green; the face, with its dark, deep, unfathomable eyes, recalling some of the heads by Carlo Dolce. In his extended hands the angel proffers to humanity the crown of thorns; the sadness which rests upon his features is the intense sadness of divine sympathy with mortal woe. It is a beautiful and poetic conception, and I am glad that my native land is to possess the picture. M. Cabanel showed me also a small picture of 'Hero awaiting Leander.' The impassioned heroine of that sweet, sad story is reclining on a rock beside the seashore and looking over the tranquil waters of the treacherous Hellespont with fixed, eager gaze. The soft twilight of a summer's day has just begun to darken over land and ocean, but in her impatience she has already lighted the signal-torch which is fixed on a cleft of the rock, and whose flame shows pale against the still sun-flashed sky. The breeze blowing from the land bears with it a fold of her white drapery, as though it would assist her to beckon onward the anxiously awaited lover.

The *salon* of M. Cabanel is no less a revelation of his artistic nature than is his studio. It is a square apartment, with one large window looking out on the lovely Parc Monceau. The floor is covered with a square Turkey carpet with deep-red filling, which extends to the walls. The walls themselves are covered with a deep-red fleck paper, with bordering of black arabesques. The ceiling is of dark wood, with centre-piece of deep vivid blue flecked with golden ornaments. Two large lounges stand one on either side of the fireplace; they are covered with red cloth of a shade lighter than that of the walls, and are ornamented with a floreated band of black cloth outlined with yellow braid in the centre of the back, and in that of the large cushion is the monogram A. C. shaped in black cloth and yellow braid to correspond with the bordering band. The curtains of the one large window correspond with the coverings of the lounges, as do also the coverings of the two large arm-chairs which stand on the side of the room opposite the fireplace. The cover of the one large square table is an Oriental stuff of black, wrought with silver. On the mantelpiece are placed two bronze lamps and a single bronze figure of pure and simple design, and in front of the fireplace stands a screen of deep-blue satin wrought with birds and flowers in glowing Eastern embroidery. On the walls hang one or two fine paintings from the pencil of the master; one of these is the original sketch for the great picture 'The Triumph of Flora,' which was originally intended for the top of the grand staircase in the Pavillon de Flore of the Tuileries. This great work was nearly finished at the time of the downfall of the empire. It was of gigantic proportions, the canvas being nearly forty feet in height, and the figures larger than life. The artist's studio had been established in the library of the Louvre, and when that building was fired by the Communists the vast painting perished in the flames, and the original sketch for it was only saved with much difficulty. M. Cabanel is at present reproducing this work, and it is said to be nearly finished. Many of his finest pictures were owned by the empress, and among them the 'Venus' exhibited a few years ago at the Luxembourg, and also a 'Ruth,' which has been much praised; but these works are, of course, lost to France for the present.

Toulmouche, whose studio is situated afar off in the very artis-

tic quarter beyond the garden of the Luxembourg, is at present finishing a nearly-completed work, the 'Auto-da-fé,' which has already been purchased by a Belgian dealer. It represents a fair-faced damsel, clad in a morning-dress of azure velvet bordered with black fur, who is in the act of casting a packet of old letters into the fireplace before which she stands. Those who are familiar with the wonderfully realistic touch of Toulmouche, can imagine the soft lights and shades of the velvet robe, the exquisite tints and lustre of the pink and white porcelain vases and *jardinière* on the mantelpiece, and the finish and labour bestowed upon the whole picture. More than any other artist now living, this painter has comprehended and faithfully reproduced the type and the costume of the fashionable woman of the Second Empire—the flutter of flounces, the rich depths of velvet, the sheen of silk, and the gossamer loveliness of lace. Two charming sketches, which were little more than begun, have both been sold while still in outline. One represents a charming young girl kissing a love-letter, and the other an elegant lady preparing for a ball, and just drawing tighter the laces of her satin corset.

At the next studio at which I called, I found in the garden outside two of the artist's models; one climbing a tree and the other sitting on the wall. This statement might appear startling did I not hasten to declare that the artist in question was M. Léon Lambert, the celebrated painter of cats, whose 'Installation Provisoire' and the 'Interrupted Repast' were two of the gems of the last *Salon*. No painter of modern days, not even the lamented Landseer, has so perfectly understood the nature and the ways of Miss Puss, her graces, her wiles, her wrath, and her frolics. On his easel was placed a just-finished picture, which he has christened 'Un Envoi en Province,' a title which might be freely translated 'A Package by Express.' It is an old-fashioned basket, with two flap-lids, which has been sent by express full of kittens to some ardent cat-fancier. The strings have just been cut, and the impatient little prisoners are struggling forth to the light. One impetuous little rascal is just leaping out; a second is half-way out of the basket; while a third, a pink-nosed, round-eyed little Angora, who faces the spectator with his paws on the edge of his prison, is squalling out his indignation with wide-open mouth. "He is hungry and thirsty," remarked M. Lambert with a smile, "so no wonder he is furious." Another pretty picture was that of two naughty kittens who have got into a frolic with the contents of a work-basket, and who are quarrelling over a stray spool; their humped-up backs, arched tails, and angry faces portend an immediate battle. M. Lambert was at work on a portrait-group of dogs, with a huge cat, evidently on the best possible terms with her canine companions, seated in the midst of them.

James Bertrand, the young Shakespearean painter, whose exquisite picture of the 'Dead Virginia' is one of the latest added canvases of the Luxembourg, is quite a young man to

have achieved an entrance into that Walhalla of rising French artists; he is at present at work on a life-size full-length figure of Lesbia mourning over her dead sparrow. The beautiful dark Roman face and white-draped form of the sorrowful damsel stand out in bold relief against a rich gold-coloured background. This golden-yellow tint for backgrounds and drapery appears to be a newly-introduced art-fashion, and has apparently superseded the conventional crimson curtain of which the eye used to become so wearied some years ago. A reproduction of his 'Virginia' has been ordered for a wealthy art-collector residing at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Visitors to the Luxembourg will not soon forget the touching pathos of that fine picture; the slender form of the dead girl lying on the sands, just beyond the reach of the huge and wrathful waves that tower and plunge on the horizon. M. Bertrand, unlike most Frenchmen, whether artist or critic, seems to have thoroughly comprehended the spirit of Shakespeare. His 'Dead Ophelia' (floating on the surface of the stream with wild-flowers in her hair and on her breast), and 'Romeo and Juliet,' lying lifeless in their last embrace in the shadow of the sepulchre of the Capulets, are admirable reproductions of the great poet's creation.

Goupil has now on exhibition several fine works, among which is a lovely 'Susannah' from the poetic pencil of Merle. She sits on the edge of her bath, and is in the act of drawing around her nude and graceful form a striped, pure white Oriental drapery of silk and linen. A scarlet curtain, hanging from a tree behind her, throws out in full relief the hues and outline of the whole figure. The startled look in her large soft eyes (those wonderful eyes which Merle gives to all the heroines of his brush) and the instinctive modesty of her attitude betray the approach of the aged intruders. Bouguereau exhibits in the same gallery a little 'Tricoteuse,' not one of the ghastly haunters of the guillotine of yore, but one of the sweet little peasant-girls he paints so charmingly; the arms and hands are marvels of shading and finish. Here also is Toulmouche's latest work; it represents a lovely, startled girl in one of those charming morning-costumes which are the delight of that accomplished artist to reproduce on canvas; she is looking askance at a bouquet which has just been flung in at the open window, and has fallen at her feet, and she is evidently uncertain whether to pick it up or not.

All the leading artists here, without any exception, assure me that America is the best and most extensive market for their productions that now exists. M. Cabanel said, in fact, that he often felt grieved when he finished a fine work, knowing that it was to be sent beyond the Atlantic, where he probably would never see it again.

The directors of the Luxembourg have purchased for that gallery Cardus Duran's well-known picture of the 'Lady with the Glove.' This is his first admission into this celebrated and carefully-chosen collection.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE JANUARY CENTURY CLUB EXHIBITION.

AT the monthly exhibition at the Century Club, New York, on January 9th, some forty or fifty pictures were displayed. Among the most important of these was a new painting by Mr. Eastman Johnson, of 'Margaret at the Spinning-wheel,' a life-size figure of a brown-eyed girl. The pictures of this artist that have lately been seen in public have been usually *genre* pictures, and many of them of cabinet size. 'Margaret,' at the first view, shows very strongly in its general characteristics the influence of Jules Breton and of Bouguereau. Each of these artists has his individual manner of painting flesh, but in the colours of this picture Mr. Johnson has not departed from the palette he always, we believe, is accustomed to use. The shadows around the eyes are of the same purple-brown, the half-tints are of pearl-grey, giving tints much like maroon velvet, and the lightest hue of dove-coloured satin, and these two prevailing

shades form a lovely background on which Mr. Johnson dapples on the pink tints of a lip, an ear, or the shell-like purity of a nostril. The forms in this picture of Margaret are very simple. Over her brown hair she wears a stiff lace cap with long lappets, with crimped lace around the edge. Every person familiar with Holland or Belgium will recall just such caps as these, heir-looms of exquisite material that have descended from mother to daughter, and which great market-days and festivals bring out in full force in the churches and public squares. Against her brown hair, under her cap, appear two "plaques" of gold, which we have usually seen worn low down on the forehead, and completely hiding the front hair; but which, as Mr. Johnson has made it, is vastly more becoming, showing the soft waves of hair as it starts from Margaret's temples. The rest of the dress is arranged in simple masses, of flat forms, in light and